

Coopers Clarksbury Register.

COOPER & BRUEN,]

VOL. VII.—NO. 36.

CLARKSBURG, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1858.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE NO. 348.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksbury Register is published in Clarksbury, Va., every Friday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the date of subscribing; after which \$2.00 will be invariably charged. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than a square. The number of insertions must be specified, or the advertisement will be continued and charged accordingly.

Announcements of candidates for office \$2.00.

Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

All communications, to insure attention must be accompanied by the author's name and post paid.

GETTING A SUBSCRIBER.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride, covered with the dust we had gathered on a dry, sandy road, we called at Squire Hobb's to wet our mouths, rest our bones and have a chat with the Squire. On our part, however, there was very soon a disposition to talk less and doze more. This Hobb's—a good natured soul—perceived, as by intuition, and soon left us to the soft influence of "nature's sweet restorer."

Now how long we slept, we can not tell and our readers needn't know. It was not long, however, for loud talking in the Squire's office soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us. It was eavesdropping it was no fault of ours. It seems that Joacum Gulic—Old Joe, a clever sober sided neighbor of the Squire—had called in to talk about "the c o p s," and matters and things in general.

"Well Squire," said Mr. G's, "do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a nigger boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of six or eight at one time."

"There was?"

"Yes, and I got a right likely negro boy, 13 years old, for \$30. My word for it, I would not take a thousand dollars for him to day."

"Just my luck—why I never heard a word of it. Who told you Squire?"

"Oh you know I take the paper. I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way, I went on the day of the sale thinking I might hit a bargain sure."

"Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Who's got a boy anywhere about?"

"You're too hard for me again, Uncle Joe, the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H—, deceased were hired very low."

"The d—l you say. Why didn't you tell me, Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper; and I supposed every body took that. I didn't know you wanted to hire. Did you know I had sold my Hardin tract of land?"

"No indeed. Who to?"

"Why, a rich old fellow from Georgia. It was the day before yesterday, and I got the 'yellow boys' cash up—only six dollars per acre. He said that he came across our paper in Alabama; he liked the description of the country; saw my wee bit of advertisement, and came to see me about it. We struck a bargain in no time."

"Jerusalem! And here I have been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than your's too, and you know it, Squire."

"Well, what is it, and can't be no 'river,' but I reckon Squire, I've beat you on sugar. I bought last week, two barrels of sugar at 7 cents, when everybody had to give 9 cents. Beat that then?"

"With all ease, Uncle Joe—I bought mine at 5 cents."

"No sir—I don't believe it. Now say where?"

"At the house of W——& Co. I got a rare bargain. You see they advertised in the paper that they were selling off at cost. I knew groceries would go quick, so I went in and bought a year's supply. The groceries were all sold before night. I didn't pay the money either, for they took my United States land warrant at \$1.25 per acre."

"Now, now, Squire! That can't be, for lawyers told me that it was not legal to sell my land warrant."

"Very true some time ago; but the news came lately in our paper, that Congress had made them assignable."

"Well, tisen fair—it's a rascality? What right have these editors to get all the news and keep it to themselves?"

"Ah, Uncle Joe, you don't understand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of the improvements of the age—and ameliorate on the condition of society. The paper goes abroad and recommends our country to enterprising and intelligent emigrants. Can they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefited by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid four fold for the pittance of \$2 his subscription price?"

"Stop, Squire! stop right here! I'm going to take the paper. I'll go to town to-morrow and take six, and send back to my kin folks in Georgia."

"Here the parties rushed in upon us, where we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say that, after an introduction, the same of Joacum Gulic was entered on our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now when the parties alluded to shall read this, we hope they will pardon us for giving to the public the substantial facts urged by the Squire—aiding so effectually in "getting a subscriber."

There is a spot, in the south-western part of this State, known as the "Fiery Fork of Honey Run"—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of 'honey' is, of course, accompanied by a corresponding flow of 'milk,' a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and 'peach' is the evidence of sublimity contentment, every place where they have preaching!

"Honey Run" is further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising one apartment—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder—its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and 'niggers,' and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvas of Fiery Forkers—the old lady having pointed out his bed—felt very heavy, and only looked for an opportunity to 'turn in,' though the musquitoes were trumpeting all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door step, the 'niggers' stuck their feet into the warm ashes; and the old man tripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, 'gals,' and 'stranger,' to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in down right recklessness, seated himself upon 'the downey,' and pulled off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled, then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trousers; and then he undid his vest, and then he whistled again, and then suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried:

"Gals, just turn your backs round till the stranger gets into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger did get into bed in 'less than no time,' when the hostess again spoke:

"Reckon, stranger, as you aint used to us, you'd better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and, though he did 'kiver up' as desired, somehow or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes, and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs soon stowed away, for there were neither bustle to unloose, nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him. 'You can unloose now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you aint afeard of me, I reckon!'—

The stranger happened to be 'married folks' himself; he unloosed and turned his back with true conjugal indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned; but, with regard to the 'gals,' he declared that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that ever he experienced.

J. M. FIELD.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."

We believe there is but one case in America of a real incident which some what approximates to that of "Marie," in the Opera by Donizetti. This is in New York, where the National Guard (one thousand strong) have a fair orphan protegee, familiarly designated as "The Daughter of the Regiment."

The National Guard, under Col. Duran, is the best regulated and appointed militia company in the United States. In drill, esprit de corps, organization, and general appearance it will bear close comparison with the "regulars" even of the modern military government. Some years ago an officer of the New York National Guard committed suicide. This act, according to military discipline is considered one of cowardice, but the deceased was well known to be one who in active services stood amid the bravest of the brave. He had been through the Mexican war, and stood high in esteem as a soldier; but other matters when quietly at home prompted him to become a suicide. He left an orphan child, a bright and promising little daughter. She was alone in the world, and as it were friendless. The regiment of her father adopted her, and she became thus a "Child of the Regiment," and that regiment the gallant National Guard of New York. A tax of two dollars per annum was levied on each member for the orphan's support and education. This amounted to 2,000 a year, and what was not expended was duly put away in investment for a dowry for the Daughter of the Regiment. The young lady, now about sixteen years old, has grown up beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, and is well off; and doubtless she looks upon her gallant guardians that all the love, honor, and enthusiasm that Marie did on the brave Sulpice and the gallant 21st in the opera. Such companies as the New York National Guard reflect honor on the country.—*Savannah Daily Georgian.*

THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart who stood,

While he sat on a corn sheaf, at daylight's decline,

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood—

I wish that the Danish boy's whistle was mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours

Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;

"A favor so slight one's good nature secures!"

And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm

Would work so that not even Modesty's cheek

Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!"

She smiled and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine

Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss—

You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,

And your lips stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—

"What a fool of your self with the whistle you'd make!

For only consider, how silly 'twould be,

To sit there and whistle for—what you might take!"

I LOVED HER.

I loved her when her girlish face,

With smiles and blushes rife,

First sunned with all its matchless grace,

My else unloved life;

When from her young heart's secrecy,

As saints ascend the skies,

The tale told truth resolutely

Would haunt her timid eyes.

I loved her when the festal throng

Her joyous laughter woke;

Some hidden lilies the flowers among,

Loss sweetness would evoke:

And later, when the passive shade

Of thought her features wore—

A twilight woe o'er summer glads—

Still dearer than before.

I loved her when my plighted bride—

Half fair, half tenderness—

We dared the tempest to divide

Our heart's deep truthfulness.

But now, when years and constancy

Have proved her faithful vow,

The tendril to its guardian tree—

O! most I love her now!

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected,

Of some secret deed of shame,

And for this by all rejected

As a thing of evil fame;

Guard him every look and action,

Speak no word of heartless blame,

For the slanderer's vile detraction

Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing

Ways the lost have entered in,

Working out his own undoing,

With his recklessness and sin;

Think if it be in his condition,

Would a kind word be in vain?

Or a look of cold suspicion

Win thee back to truth again!

There are spots that bear no flowers,

Not because the soil is bad,

But the summer's genial showers

Never make their blossoms glad;

Better have an act that's kindly

Treated sometimes with disdain,

Than by judging others blindly,

Doom the innocent to pain.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

There are some seasons when the

graveyard seems peculiarly beautiful.

When hushed twilight wings her noise-

less way from Heaven to wrap the tem-

ples of the dead in her soft, transparent

drapery, or the pleasant moon lights up

the mossed graves, making luminous the

faces of the beautiful cherubs that have

forever winged, yet never taken, their

flight; it is sweet to wander up the shaded

isles of the slumberous city, and muse

upon the holy memories of the departed.

The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to autumn skies; a clear, mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing elasticity to my spirits; I wandered from my house, I scarcely knew why, and found myself, after a leisure walk, near the old-fashioned burial ground of Dalton village. I was a happy man; I was really and professionally an M. D. What directed my steps to the rural burying-ground, I can not tell, but as I now live, I do believe that some mysterious agency directed my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows

leaned down from the trees and freckled the smooth gravel with quaint tracery; the buds and flowers grouped in dark masses upon the greenly curved mounds

I knew they were buds and flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seemed whispering in their silent language to the beautiful dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolizing; everything inanimate had its type in some ideal object of fancy; this evening I felt like a poet; my imagination was as fertile—yes, I thought as fertile as Milton's, if my ideas were not so sublime. I sauntered carelessly along the side where a Hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in silent reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge

L's beautiful lot was immediately before me; its little silvery fountain bubbling and breaking into white goblets like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge and hoary elm, and closed my eyes as the wild magic breathing of a flute, skillfully touched, greeted my ear; I think that the most blessed hour of my existence, for mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves, flushing the purest snow. Oh, how I loved that sweet May Kendall! love!—would that I could think of some word that would express more adoration; forgetting God, I idolized her, and, egotist that I was, fancied my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger; in these few moments that I was pouring my very soul into the heart that I fancied, as youth will sometimes, was a kind of spiritual presence ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a light, silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute, for it was so like May's; so ringing, joyous. Presently, as the fine manly form drew nearer, I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate two years ago; his name was trembling on my lips when a sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood, and my teeth chattered with a sudden freezing fear. The two had come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little sylvan spot. The lady held her hat by the strings, one arm confidently through that of her companion, and when she turned her radiant face around toward me—who was concealed in the shadow—I recognized, in the full flood of the moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this late day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmur such words of tenderness to each other in such tender tones; a deathly faintness came over me, as I gathered from their own lips the knowledge that they were betrothed, and when that passed away, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins; once I would have leaped upon him and demanded my May, without whom my life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then, by what right could I call her mine? True, she had been most kind to me, but never more than her maidenly modesty might well besecm her conduct. Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heartstrings, as I thought it—why she had talked of Frederick; oh, fool that I was, not to comprehend; she smiled on me because I was his friend, because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell—some comely virtue to praise; and blinded by my ever blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough still to stand motionless even till I learned the day and hour when the wedding was to take place? For every nerve in my body seemed changed to an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me, but retraced their steps, and I, bending low with an almost breaking heart, slowly left the graveyard, and returned toward home, too wretched to tell the crushing weight of my disappointment. The next day, before sunrise, I was on my way to the neighboring city. I was in a strange tumult, that I knew not but it would prove fatal to me; I was ready almost for any desperate deed, and more than once—I shudder when I think of it—contemplate self-destruction, but I called philosophy, nay, something higher, holier to my aid—religion, and in time became soothed, if May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed; I deemed myself sufficiently fortified by good resolutions to return home to my chosen place of residence; it was high moon when I drove up to the main street; a carriage dashed by me, a light vehicle; in another moment I had turned and Frederick was abreast. I involuntarily drew my reins; his face denoted suffering.

"For God's sake, Doctor Lane, my early friend, do not stop until you reach Mrs. Kendall's; my May lies there—sick—dying," he gasped; his ash pale face was. My face was blanched; I felt a strange kind of tremor; we dashed along, neither speaking, and in fifteen minutes I stood by the couch of the young bride.

That was an awful hour that spent; at its close I pressed down her white eyelids over her dull glazed eyes; ah, heaven! thought I—how can such beauty be dead? And still, for all, there was a feeling of triumph in my heart—until I beheld the awful grief of the husband, saw the big drops bead his broad white forehead; almost forced him from the inanimate body, that he would hold clasp ed to his bosom, kissing the white lips, the whiter cheeks, even the golden locks that lay damp and uncured over her shoulders.

And when I left the house of mourning, was it not strange the calmness I felt settled down over my spirit? Could this thought, even in its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at such time—she is not mine, neither is she his. I am glad that as she could not be mine only, none but death can claim her now! I fear had conscience applied her torch, she would have read those scathing words written on the crimson portals of my heart; but I must hasten.

The next day I went over to be present at the funeral services; and still I felt that sorrowful happiness. Frederick was at times raving, stupid with great woe; the mourners assembled, the beautiful dead lay robed in her coffin; already the large parlor was filled with her friends. I took my station by the coffin; with unutterable tenderness I gazed upon that heavenly countenance—it looked not stern like death, but soft, smiling like slumber.

There were all young companions

around, village maidens, whose silvery voices wavered and trembled until tears and sobs choked down their music, and one mournful, heart rending wail sounded through the room.

The pastor arose and began his prayer; never heard I a more affecting petition; how gently he spoke of her youth, her beauty and goodness, the circumstances under which God was pleased to call her, just as it were standing on the threshold of a happy life, and looking through the rose colored future, I still kept my place by the head of the coffin; my eyes, full of tears, never once moved from that holy face.

I fancied the features grew dim; I thought my sight failed, and I bent closer to the corpse, I drew back, wiped my eyes, and looked again; God of mercy what a thrill sent a wild shock through my frame and smote my brain as with fire! I reeled, I fell over almost upon the coffin; there was moisture on the glass, moisture that came not off when I applied my hand; moisture was upon the inside!

My knees trembling, my heart beat against my side till my body swayed like a pendulum; all my serenity was gone; the voice of the pastor whistled in my ear; each moment was an hour—it was awful, awful. If I kept my silence, she was still the bride of death, and as much mine as another; if I spoke, she was again the wife of my rival. I dare not think of my emotion now; I could not have been myself when that horrible temptation beset me, and whispered to me let the dark grave claim her if I might not. Oh, that was the great sin of my life; I hope I am forgiven.

The perspiration welled out from every pore, but the agony was passed. I could have throttled the pastor that he did not cease—yet I feared for the life of the poor husband, should he know the truth too suddenly. There was a tingling from my head to my head to my fingers ends; I shook like an aspen leaf.

Amen! oh, how I thank God for that sound; I still cling to the coffin; I was weak, weak as a child.

It was the custom for the chief mourners to be called first, that they might be spared the shock of seeing the dear one borne out before their eyes. The poor husband tottered out, supported on each side; do you think my feelings must have been singular, as he passed?—next the sobbing mother. Now was my time, "friends, neighbors," I gasped, "call the sexton; take off the coffin lid; for God's sake delay not a moment; she is not dead," I rather shrieked than said the last words.

The lid was thrown aside; in my arms was the fair creature born to her couch; as I returned a moment, I saw her only sister standing as it riveted to the floor, her cheeks ghastly, her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by the arms, but she stirred not. I shook her rudely, saying, "unless you help me, Maria, she may really die! Quick! Come and cut off her grave clothes; she must not see them—she must not know this!"

With a wild, unnatural burst of laughter, the girl aroused herself from her stupor; then as suddenly a flood of tears came to her relief; all was right; she followed me into the next chamber, and undid the white satin ribbons from the delicate wrists, and unloosed the linen bands on the breast, so by the time the young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as if she sought her couch for pleasant slumber.

And now the most terrible excitement over, I breathed freely; and yet another important task was to be accomplished; by my orders the poor husband had been hurriedly informed that the ceremony would be delayed a moment; he was so distracted with his grief that all news was alike to him—they led him where they liked; he sat in a little room just across the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood beside him; he glanced up once, then buried his face in his hands with a deep, unearthly groan, that went to my very soul; oh! I felt, for the first time, such exquisite joy in the performance of a good deed—I experienced a new love for my profession.

"Frederick," said I, placing my arm around his neck, 'there is some good yet in store for you; do not mourn in this way, Frederick.'

"I am a broken-hearted man; do not strive to comfort me; you only increase my misery."

"But if could give you comfort you little dream o—if I told you." I stammered and knew not how to proceed, for the husband's wild eyes were fastened to my face, while he half rose with a strange, quick movement.

"If what—if what, Doctor Lane? on what am I thinking?" his voice trembling; "There is something in my heart that bids me look to you for hope and joy! Yet why? why? and the words sank mournfully into silence."

"Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and then when robed for the burial?"

I could proceed no further; the excited man sprang from his seat, clenched both my hands, and with fire in his eyes, incoherently exclaimed—

"What!—dead!—in a trance!—laid out—buried!—shut up!—alive!—my May, whom I saw die—who gasped in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grew white and cold—no, no, you mock me!"

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rolled down my cheeks, 'your wife still lives—she was only in a trance.'

He threw his arms around me, and hugged me like one frantic. "God bless you!—heaven bless you! Oh! Doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy! lead me to her—where is she, my friend? My May, my sweet bird; this is too beautiful, too good; let me see her; I will be calm; and doctor," he exclaimed, grasping my arms

with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give you my life for this, I would—I could not have survived long—you cannot tell how dearly I loved her. Dear Doctor, God bless you!"

He did not dream, poor fellow, that he had been my rival.

The mother hung over her child—the husband bent over his bride—full of thanksgiving; she with her large blue eyes, moving from one to the other as she whispered, "I am better, stronger. I shall soon be well again; I have been sick very long, have I not?"

Frederick kissed her pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence—and then I left them, and happier and better I have been ever since.

May and her husband still live—a fond, beautiful pair even now.

I am an old bachelor.

A WORD TO SOCIETY.

Our young men are a painful study. As they lounge about the street with bold leering faces, poisoning the air with oaths, or whirl madly along behind lashed horses, or loom up dimly amid the smoky glare of haunts of folly, sin and shame, it is sickening to think that with them rests the future of the country, and in them lies its hope. It is no wonder that the hearts of fathers and mothers and sisters are filled with dread and grief. No wonder that the perpetual and earnest advice to young men is to go into "ladies society."

The advice is good. There is positive safety for him in the society of a modest, gentle, kindly and sensible girl. There is comparative safety for him in the company of a vain, giggling, trifling girl. The most empty-headed and empty-hearted is a more harmless companion for him than a cursing, tippling, fellow, who thinks all manner of silliness and sin manly, and will travel fast, although hell's yawns at the end of the road.